The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.--Longfellow.

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TONSORIAL PARLOR.
Next R. C. Hogsett's Grocery Store,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

A Country Prospect.

Want to get away off—
Taste the woodland joys;
Think I'll take a day off—
Day off with the boys.

Hear the kildees calling
In a loved retreat
Where the nuts are falling
And the honey's sweet!

Take the city's riot—
All its dazzling gleams,
For the old-time quiet—
For the old-time dreams!

Dreams I dreamed away off,
With the woodland joys
And a glorious day off—
Day off with the boys!

Frank L. Stanton.

He Went Out West For His Health.

In my capacity of justice of the peace and general wholesale and retail dealer in fresh, new-laid equity and evenhanded justice, I often meet with those who have seen better days, and who, though the ever-changing fortunes of the west, have fallen lower and lower in the social scale, untill they stand up and are assessed as "common drunk," or "vags," or "assault and batteries," with that natural and easy grace which comes only to those who have been before the public in that capacity, so numerously, that it has ceased to inlicate itself by the usual embarrassment of the amateur.

Perhaps no surging sentiments of pity have stirred my very soul during my official career, like those that throbbed wildly athwart my system a few days ago.

It was a case of the most bitter disapointment of a young life. A youth from Chicago, came to me, near the close of day. I was just about to lock up the judicial scales for the evening, and secure the doors of the archives preparatory to going out and "shaking" the mayor for the lemonade, after which I intended to breathe in a little fresh atmosphere and go home to dinner.

It had been a hard day in the temple of justice that day, and the court was weary.

It had dealt out even-handed justice at regular rates, since early morning, at so much per deal, till fatigue was beginning to show itself in the lines upon the broad, white brow.

Therefore, when a halting step was heard on the stairs, there was a low murmur on the part of the court, and a half suprised moan that souded like the tail end of an affidavit.

The young man who entered the hallowed presence of eternal justice, and the all-pervading and dazzling beauty of the court in its shirt sleeves, was of about medium stature, with shoes cut decollette, and Romon striped socks clocked with brocaded straw colored silk.

He wore an ecru straw hat, with navy-blue brocaded band, and necktie of old gold, with pokla dots of humberta and cardinal, interspered with embroidered horseshoe and stirup in coucherde soleil and ultramarine.

His hair was darkand oleaginous and his shirs was cream colored ground with narrow baby-blue stripes, cutaway collar, and cuffs that extended out into space.

He also had some other clothes od.

But over all, and prevading the entire man' was the look of hopelessness and corroing grief. With all his goob clothes on, he was a hollow mockery, for his eyes were heavy with woe.

The nose also was heavy with woe.

This feature in fact was more appropriately draped in t ken of its sadness than any of the rest. Few noses are so expressive of a genreal and incurable gloom as this one was. It had evi ently at one time been a glad, joyous, and buoyant nose, but now it was despondent and low spirited.

There was a look of goodness and utter desolation about it that woulb stir the better impulses of the most heatless.

The feature had evidently tried to centraline itself, but had failed. Here and there narrow strips of court-plaster had gone out after it and tried to win it back, but they had not succeeded.

I said, "Mister, there seems to be a panic among your nose. It's none of my business, of course, but couldn't you get a brass band and call it together? Then you could hold a meeting and decide whether it had better resume or not."

The gentleman from Chicago went through the motions of wiping the wide waste and howling desolation where his once joyous nose had been, and then, putting away the plum-colored silk handkerchief with the orange border, he said

"Squire, I have been grossly deceived. You see in me the victim of a base misrepresentation. In Chicago this season of the year is extremely unhealthy. The intense hot weather carries away he innocent and the good, and I feared that my turn would come soon.

"I heard of the salubrious clime of your mountains city, where the days are filled with gladness and the burning heat of the mighty city by the inland sea never comes.

"I came here two brief days ago, and can see with the naked eye what the result has been.

"It is not graftifying. The climate may in the abstract be all right, but there are certain sudden and wonderful atmospheric and I cannot account for, and they are very disastrous.

"I was sitting in a Second saloon to day, talking about matters and things, when the conversation turned on physical strength. One thing led on another, and finally I make a little humorous remark to a young man there, which remark I have made in Chicago many times without disastrous result, but the air clouded up all of a sudden, and in the darkness I could see Roman candles going off and pinwheels and high-priced rockets and blue-lights, etc.

"Shortly after that I gathered up what fragments of my face I could find and went down to the doctor's office.

"He held an inquest on my nose, and I paid for it.

"I shall go back to Chicago tomorrow. I shall not be as handsome as I was, but I have gained a good deal of information about the broad and beautiful west which is priceless in value to me.

"All I wished to say was this; if you see fit to mention this matter to the public, tone it down as much as possible, and say that for a bilious, nervious temperaments, perhaps the air here is too brancing."

I have considered his sensitive feelings, and have tried to give the above account in fair and impartial terms.

Bill Nye.

Steve Rabbett Killed

Steve Rabbet was taken to the hospital at Washington Sunday morning by Dr. H. W. Daniels and James Hanley, jr., where he was operated on for an injury he received the Wednesday evening previous. Steve had become involved in a quarrel with an associate and in the melee was struck upon the head with a heavy bottle but at the time he was not considered seriously hurt. He remained upon the street for several hours after the occurence, when he started home, but fell near the Inter Mountain office in an unconscious condition where he was found and assisted home by a friend. A physician was called who did all he could for the young man, but nothing could save his life but an operation. As mentioned above, he was taken to Washington Sunday morning and that night the physicians removed a large piece of the skull and took a quantity of clotted blood from the brain.

Rabbett died this afternoon. The body will be shiped to Elkins today and taken to Newburg for burial. The entire city is shocked at this untimely death of a young man who was universally liked. Elkins Inter Mountain.

Married, at the home of the birdes father, not far from Huntersville W. Va. Sept 20, 1905 by Rev Fultz, B. L. McLaughlin and Miss Myrtle Cole.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Up to Stoney Bottom and Back Again on Ministerial Duties.

The Death of a Man. Some Observations Promp'ed by the Trip.

In compliance with a sorrowful request to visit a friend believed to be very near death, I made hasty preparatton to take the evening train for Stony Bottom, Saturday September 16, 1905.

At the Marlinton office I asked for a ticket to Stoney Level. "You mean Stony Bottom, I presume," said the serious looking clerk. Standing corrected, I handed over the fare, feeling I had learned a lesson to the effect that it is always better to call things by the names they are best known by and not try to be funny, whenever it may be best not to be facetious.

On boarding the train with Bro Nickell's timely and strong armed boost it was my pleasure to find myself in a group, composed of Dr. Ligon, his son Yancey and Mrs. Yancey, the nice young Kentucky wife.

In her bright way she intimated it took about eighteen months of cute management to get a move on Yancey, but to extreme pleasure she had found the game to be more than worth all the lamp oil that was burned, or words to that effect. Dr. Ligon had been attending court two weeks hearing petitions on the recent land assessments. I soon found out that this court official knew just what to say and what not to say about whatever might be going on, and so I concluded to drop the subject and wait to see and hear what we will hear and see when court adjourns the longest term held in the 85 years of its history.

When the conductor came around I found that the proper name of the polite and attentive person whom I had spoken of as Capt Vallandingham, at different times was Capt. Goodwyn. From this on I hope to know the right man by his right name. He manifested his solicitude for me by approaching me and inquiring if my residence was not at Dunmore and if so I would want to get off at Sitlington perhaps instead of Stony Bottom, called for by my ticket.

The question of residenee and getting off was soon cleared up, and when Stony Bottom was reached I found Capt. Goodwyn ready to light and help us out with a word of friendly caution. William Geiger was on the platform with a lantern to meet any that might be on the way to see his father, and take charge of them. It so turned out I was the only one. In the mean while Howard Meeks and Dave Beverage joined us and after a tramp of nearly three-quarters of a mile, the home was reached where Adam Geiger seemed to be slowly, quietly but surely falling into his last sleep. A more pathetic scene can scarcely be imagined that presented itself. For years and years he had been a strong, busy man, from early dawn to midnight in efforts to build a home in the forest, and had succeeded. To secure what he possessed he had toiled as a farmer in the fields, at anvil in the shop near at hand; at the carpenter work bench; in the mill by Woods Run; and behind the counter in the store close to the mill. He excelled as a sympathetic, skillful attendant in sickness. During the period when blistering was such a feature in medical treatment every body seemed to want Adam Geiger for his special skill in dressing the blisters. He has been known to work all day from before sunrise until after sundown, then walk for miles and watch all night by a neighbor critically ill, and so far as any one could notice never sleep a wink.

From eleven o'clock until four he was very restless, but it was a poor relief to be thus gained, to change the posture, but keep the restless feeling. From four to ten o'clock all seemed quiet as the slumbers of a little child, and then his hands forgot their cunning and all was over as to his earthly toils, cares and enterprizes

My friend John Doyle happened in about the time when the supreme moment came. He was on his way to church and I went with him and rode his horse, while John seemed to feel himself much honored by an opportunity to thus to favor me. Upon nearing the church Dallas McLaughlin was met, being on his way to Mr Geiger's to meet me, and take me to his ideal home, perched on the mountain side overlooking the Stoney Bottom varied scenery. We three went on to the church and heard the words, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world," treated by Brother J. A. Burr, the Methodist pastor, in an instructive and suggestive manner.

The exercises had opened before we entered the church, and it is due Brother Burr to say that upon noticing our entrance he suspended long enough to come to where we were, back among the audience, and pressingly invited me to preach. Somehow or other I was impressed by the feeling that there was no one there that morning that needed preaching more than I did, and so I begged him to excuse me, and let me remain where I was, and if he could make use of me there to do so. He had me offer the closing prayer and pronounce the benediction.

These services were in the Alexander Memorial church. One of the corner trees of the church lot, a white oak some three feet in diameter was taken possession a few months since by a swarm of bees, and some day it will be a question what ought to be done about it. It is believed the person who saw the swarm enter is willing for church purposes and makes no claim. As the impression that bees trees are no good this season is quite prevalent, the tree is not likely to be molested this year at any rate.

Services over, Mr McLaughlin had me mount "Old Kit" and he too seemed to feel honored by the privilege of footing it for my convenience. On the way to his home amid the foothill slopes of Cheat mountain, a tree was passed that arrested my attention. It was a vigorous young oak, not a foot in diameter but seventy-five or eighty feet in heighth, or possibly more. Securely nailed to it were strong slats by which it could be climbed for forty feet. My first impression was it was used for telephone purposes, but upon coming to it found no wire. I then asked my friend what it meant. He explained it by saying a party of sportive boys treed a squirrel and being anxious to take it alive, fell on that plan to capture it. About the time they nailed the highest slat it jumped off and cleared itself, and so it turned it turned out to be a case of much ado for nothing. As squirrels are getting to be curiosities, it was not exactly "much ado about nothing," but it turned out a case of much ado for nothing

In the meanwhile "Old Kit," Mrs Hannah McLaughlin's much used family nag, now verging twenty years of age, began to climb the steeps and ere long without a misstep or a blunder brought us to a home hedged in and adorned by a profusion of vines and flowers that would challenge comparison with any flowers of their kind to be found anywhere among the West Virginia Hills, and as for the meadows among which the dwelling stands, no greener turf need be looked for this side of "Canaan's fair and happy land."

Monday morning bright and early Mrs McLaughlin and her daughters Bertie and Grace were preparing wreaths and floral decorations for the funeral arranged at Mr Geiger's for ten o'clock.

The spot reserved for a grave yard is on a gentle slope overlooking the Geiger home. Up to this time the only occupants were six little children, and so during the forenoon he was borne there and placed gently in a grave near theirs, as the first adult person to be buried there. And thus it was made among the innocents. It fell to my lot to make a memorial address, while Duncan Moore, his sisters and others, whose names I would like to mention if I only knew them, sang in good form the hymns used upon the occasion.

Then afterward a few hours were spent with William Vance, from McDowell, at the home of his daughter near the station. I have known Mr Vance from his boyhood. In 1861-2 while he was absent in the army, two of his sisters died within a week and afterwards while he was at home on furlough the memorial sermon of the two was preached from the same text, Proverbs 31; 30.

Near train time Mr Vance went with me to the store where we found our genial friend W. R. Moore cumbered with much sweeping, arranging and selling new goods. Nevertheless he took time to look up a box of cigars, among the nices things I ever smoked, and asked some questions as to what people thinking about getting married might learn from the history of Sampson and Delilah. I had to tell him I was not the man he was looking for as getting married was something I had quit thinking about for ever so long. He told me about old Brother Thornton and the bungling job he had put up, and as I had nothing to match, he was ahead of me again.

In the meantime Captain Gill and Engineer Sampson, who like time and tide wait for no man, came into evidence. Not having time to say goodbye to Brother Moore and just time enough to shake hands with my forty year friend Vance, I climbed into the coach just as the train began to pant for resuming its course. Upon making a furtive survey of my surroundings in the coach I noticed just opposite an armful of musical instuments, possibly a violin guitar or mandolin. The proprietor seemed to be a rather prepossessing young person, and she looked at me with such a wide-awake expression that I felt a little embarrassed as to what I had better do. I reflected awhile upon the situation, and had about come to the conclusion that my feminine neighbor was a professional minstrel flitting with the birds for the South, but upon stealing another glance I saw a smile and thought I heard my name. So at a venture I arose, crossed the aisle, and said, "May I ask who this is that knows me and I don't happen to know her?"

"I am Eugenia Doyle, on my way to school at Lewisburg."

From that on to Marlinton we were all the cars to one another, and it is my hope that my young friend may realize her high ideals as she so sincerely yearns and wishes to live, to be and to do what the Blessed Teacher Himself would have her live, be and do in words, thoughts and deeds.

W. T. P.

Rider—Alderman.

On Wednesday 2 P. M. Sept 20 1905 a quietly and nicely arranged society event took place in the parlor of the Infromonte cottage West Marlinton when Mr George Stewart Rider and Miss Leah Belle Alderman were united in marriage Rev Wm.T. Price D.D. officiating. The groom is a son of Mr and Mrs Stewart Rider of the Burr valley vicinity and is an industrious young farmer The bride is a daughter of Mr Walter Alderman on Douthard creek. Her mother who was Alcinda Jane Kincaid has been deceased so long that the bride scarcely remembers her. The parties were attended by Rufus Rider as best man Arthur Rider brothers of the groom. Soon after the cermony the parties set out for the home of the groom.

E. H. Smith, cashier of the Newburg National Bank spent Sunday with his father of this place, James R. Smoot, the president of that bank and probably the wealthiest man in Preston County died last week adged 73 years.

Roads and Road Making.

Then problem of good roads is always uppermost in the farmer's mind. In some localities we have stone or gravel roads, but in numerous section of our country nothing but dirt roads can be found. If there is anything that will depreciate the value of land it is a poor road. It is not always necessary that a dirt road should be a poor road, but the system of working the roads in most of the districts is abominable, to say the least. It is not an uncommon practice for the road boss to plough a strip of land alongside the road, and very carefully have this loose mass put upon the road bed only to make a mire of it at the next rain. We have seen a road boss order a man to plough shut wagon ruts, and to continue ploughing on both sides until the last furrow was outside of the road. Such methods are not road making, but road destroying; drainage and a hard road bed are the two principles involved in all road making.

In constructing a road it is necessary to cut it sufficiently in the centre to give drainage. the arching varies with the soil and the lay of the land, but for the average twelve foot road we would suggest about a four inch arching. In our clay soil it is essential that the water is carried away as rapildly as possible. The diches along the side should be wide but rather shallow, and seeded with grass to prevent washing. On hillsides an occasional dam, built of stone, across the ditch to break the rapidity of the water is advisable,

When the road bed is once made it can be kept in good condition by the use of King's road drag. This drag is made of two half logs with a piece of steel as a cutting edge nailed to the front piece. By hitching the horse off the center the soil is pushed into the road from the outside, thus maintaniog the arch. In many communities the farmers have decided to keep up the road along their land; by the use of the drag soon after every rain, remarkable results have been obtained. It requires but a few minutes to run the drag up and down once or twice as the road demands it, and it does away with the foolish time wasting method of "road working."—F. Knoor, Minnesota. Experiment Station in Inland Farmer.

Number 35 Wrecked.

Last Thursday the C. & O. train No. 35 running between Hinton and Huntington was wrecked seven miles east of Charleston. A gang of section men were reparing the track and just as the train reached the portion of of the track that was in the course of repair there was a snapping sound heard as if something had broken in the engine and the train left the track. The supposition is that some obstruction left by the construction force had injured the engine and caused the derailment of the train, W. O. Hopkins, of Hinton, express messenger, was killed and a number of railway employees hurt.

The Battle Of McDowell.

The uncertainty felt the next morning as to the result of the battle is easly accounted for. The battle took place very near the top of Bull Pasture Mountain and was continued until dark. It was ended by the confederates charging down the mountain on the west side and putting the Federal to fight. Down both parties came at double quick, Milroy taking the road to Franklin, and Jackson close on his heels until both armies and all their belongings cleared away from the mountain and village. It was night and the people of the neighborhood staid in doors, and knew not what was going on outside.

The next morning the citizens cautiously reconoitered, and witnessed only a quiet scene; and for a time were completely non-plussed.

Jackson's chief object was to drive Milroy from his flank in order that he might move upon Banks. The defeat of Milroy was the opening of Jackson's most brilliant campaign.

Jackson's maneuvering of his forces on Bull Pasture Mountain during the battle caused some intelligent officer in his army to distrust his generalship. Whilst he was pursuing Millroy I heard one of them say—If Jackson is kept in command of this army he will distroy it. A brigade is the largest body of soliers he is fit to command!"

Some critics in the early part of the war pronounced General Robert E. Lee a failure! A great many funny remarks like the above could be quoted.

W. H. R.

Lexington, Va.

—South Branch Review.

Knapps Creek.

Corn cutting is the order of the day, cor crops are very good, which are very encouraging to the farmer.

The festval on the creek was quite a success.

The Misses Gibson, from Highland were visiting relatives on the Creek recently.

Miss Georgie Baxter will soon return, to commence her school at Sunset; where she taught a most successfull school last spring; we are glad to welcome her back.

Quite a number from the Creek attended children-day in Highland

Two cases of typhoid fever at Mr P. L. Cleek's Annie and Ward

We are sorry to learn, Miss Bessie Moore, is critically ill at this time.

We are sorry to learn, Rev. Pope will not be able to be with us at the Dedication.

Floyd Dilley is at home with typhoid fever.

Loyd Jordon returned home from camp quite sick; but is able to be out again.

We are glad to lean Mrs Myrta Moore, is somewhat improved in health.

Mrs Newton Moore, who has been very ill we trust is better at this writing.

Hebrew New Year.

The Pocahontas Bargain House will close its store on Saturday, Sept. 30th, and will positively do no business that day on account of Hebrew New Year 2t

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We have by far the largest and best stock of the above goods ever shown in this section of the State.

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Of Fall Stock Now Arriving.

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